

T H E
CHEARFUL COMPANION,

A
COLLECTION of SONGS,

Among which are

A Variety of ORIGINALS,

Not to be met with in any other

C O L L E C T I O N.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed by AULD, and SMELLIE,

For WILLIAM GIBB in the Parliament-house.

M,DCC,LXVI.



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T H E
CHEARFUL COMPANION.

S O N G I.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
When the anteling stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
But still we pursue, and now come in view of the glorious game.

O! see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his speed.
But ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries.
For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well-scented hounds surrounded
he dies.

S O N G II.

WITH early horn salute the morn
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries bid Echo rise
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The crystal floods,
Return th' enliv'ning sound.

S O N G III.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox;
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies.
 Then follow; we'll soon overtake him. Hurra!
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day.
 With sport, love, and wine fickle fortune defy;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fairs:
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flowers.

S O N G I V .

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold;
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
 behold:

Hear the lark's early mornin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

*With the sports of the field fickle fortune defy,
 While hound and we follow the hounds in full cry.*

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place;
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, while the soldier hunts fame;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
 And the artful coquet, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;
 With hound and with horns thro' the woodlands to
 roam,
 And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports, &c.

S O N G V.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run.
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blessings, I find,
 No flings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G VI.

FROM the east breaks the morn;
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath and the mountains so high;
 Shrilly opes the stanch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the valleys reply.

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's unvail'd;
 Tho' in life's busy day
 Man of man make a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
 How our mortal sensations refine!
 Where is care? where is fear?
 Like the winds, in the rear;
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys;
 Lo, each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G VII.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn ;
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn ;
 The yellow harvest safe from spoil,
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil ;
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
 O'er which he tells his jocund tale.

S O N G VIII.

LET me wander, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green ;
 There the plowman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blyth,
 And the mower whets his scyth ;
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

S O N G IX.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to my woodland-walks away.
 I tuck up my robe and my buskins soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxen moon ;
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks ;
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
 And Echo turn'd hunter, redoubles the cry.

S O N G X.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,
 Stranger to the joys of love ?
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time,
 Every minute to improve.
 Round thee wilt thou never hear,
 Little wanton girls and boys,
 Sweetly sounding in thy ear,
 Infant-prate, and mother's joys ?

Only view that little dove,
 Softly cooing to its mate;
 As a further proof of love,
 See her for his kisses wait.
 Hark! that charming nightingale,
 As it flies from spray to spray,
 Sweetly tuncs an am'rous tale,
 I love, I love, it strives to say.
 Could I to thy soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth part
 Of those pleasures lovers feel
 In a mutual change of heart :
 Then repenting wouldst thou say,
 Virgins fears from hence remove ;
 All the time is thrown away,
 That we cannot spend in love.

S O N G XI.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found !
 O Friendship, thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind partner of ease, and composer of strife !
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour ?
 How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend :
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase ;
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace :
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ?
 Yet change but the prospect, and paint out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

S O N G XII.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air ;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear;
 Be fair Susanna mine.

S O N G XIII.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true;
 And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too;
 That my lips are as red as a rose-bud in Jane,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune:
 All this has been told me by twenty before;
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I?
 My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring;
 For charms such as these, then your praises give o'er,
 To love me for life, you must yet love me more.

Then talk to me not of a shape, or an air,
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there;
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good humour, as sun-shine the day;
 For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G XIV.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, oh tell me, whence comes my content!
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.

But oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove
 By some willing mistake to discover her love,
 When in striving to hide she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

S O N G X V.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day.
 But ah ! what a scene must appear,
 Must the sweet rural pastime be o'er,
 Shall the labor no more strike the ear,
 Shall the dance on the green be no more ?
 Will the flocks from their pastures be led ?
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad ?
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shade,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around ?
 And shall commerce grow sick of its tide ?
 Must religion expire on the ground ?
 And shall virtue sink down by her side ?

S O N G X V I.

ADIEU ye streams that smoothly flow,
 Ye vernal airs that softly blow ;
 Ye plains by blooming Spring array'd,
 Ye birds that warble thro' the glade :
 Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
 Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh.
 But forc'd from Celia's smiles to part,
 All joy deserts my drooping heart.

O fairer than the rosy morn
 When flowers the dewy fields adorn,
 Unfally'd as the genial ray
 That warms the gentle breeze of May,
 Thy charms divinely sweet appear
 And add new splendor to the year,

Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

S O N G XVII.

HEAR me, gallant sailor, hear me,
While your country has a foe;
He is mine too, never fear me;
I may weep, but you must go.
Though this flow'ry season woos you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs, so long to lose you,
Love to glory shall give way.

S A I L O R.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,
While her daughters are so true?
Can the sons of Britain fail her,
While her daughters are so true?
Your soft courage must avail her.
We love honour loving you,
We love honour loving you,
We love honour loving you.

B O T S W A I N.

War and danger now invite us;
Blow, ye winds, auspicious blow;
War and danger now invite us;
Blow, ye winds, auspicious blow.
Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the foe,
Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the foe.

S O N G XVIII.

H E.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride:
Ring the bells and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;

Who so fair as lovely Bett ?
Who so blest as Colinet ?

S H E.

Now adieu to maiden arts
Angling for unguarded hearts ;
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping, wanton girls and boys,
Girls as fair as lovely Bett,
Boys as sweet as Colinet.

H E.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn
Now my plenteous barns adorn ;
Tho' I've deck'd my mirtle bow'rs
With the fairest sweetest flowers ;
Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bett.

S H E

Tho' on Sundays I was seen
Dress'd like any May-day queen,
Tho' six sweethearts daily strove
To deserve thy Betsy's love,
Them I quit without regret ;
All my joy's in Colinet.

H E

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with sports our bridal-day ;
May each lad a mistress find
Like my Betsy fair and kind ;
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

B O T H.

Ring the bells and fill the bowls,
Revel all without controul ;
May the sun ne'er rise nor set,
But with joy to happy Bett ;
But with joy to happy Bett.
And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G X I X.

ATTEND all ye fair, and I'll tell ye the art
 To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains,
 To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,
 And banish from Hymen his doubts and his pains.

When Juno accepted the cestus of love,
 She at first was but handsome, charming became,
 It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,
 To kindle at once and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this magic-secret gives the eyes all their fire,
 Lends the voice-melting accents, impassions the kiss,
 Gives the mouth the sweet smiles that awaken desire,
 And plants round the fair each incentive to bliss.

Thence flows the gay chat more than reason that charms,
 The eloquent blush that can beauty improve,
 The fond sigh, the fond vow, the soft touch that alarms,
 The tender disdain, the renewal of love.

Ye fair, take the cestus, and practice its art,
 The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are vain;
 Exert your sweet power, you conquer each heart,
 And the Loves, Joys, and Graces will walk in your train.

S O N G X X.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jasmine bow'r?
 Where does she seek the woodbine-shade,
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r?

Her cheeks is like the maiden-rose,
 Join'd with the lilly as it blows;
 Where each in sweetness vie,
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray;

To hail the vernal beam,
 Her heart is blyther than her song;
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

S O N G XX I.

IN a small pleasant village, by nature compleat
 Of a few honest shepherds the quiet retreat,
 There liv'd a young lass of so lovely a mien,
 There's few such at balls, or at courts to be seen.
 The sweet damask rose was full blown on her cheek,
 The lilly display'd all its white on her neck.
 The lads of the village all strove to prevail,
 And call'd her in raptures, Sweet Nan of the Vale.

Young Hodge spoke his passion, 'till quite out of breath.
 Crying, *Wounds!* he could hug her, and kiss her 'till
 death:

And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,
 That he loathed his food, and abandon'd his rest.
 But she could find nothing in them to endear,
 So sent them away with a flea in their ear;
 And said, No such boobies could tell a love-tale,
 Or bring to compliance Sweet Nan of the Vale.

Till young Roger, the finartest of all the gay green,
 Who lately to London a ramble had been,
 Came home much improv'd in his air and address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success.
 He said, Heaven form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd,
 And press'd her so closely, she could not resist;
 So taught the dull clowns a right way to assail,
 And brought to his wishes Sweet Nan of the Vale.

S O N G XX II.

A B S E N C E.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that I find;
 None once was so watchful as I,
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire;
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each evening repell;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn,
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine:
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain,
 Why wander thus pensively here;
 Oh! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear!
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown;
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart;
 Yet I thought,—but it might not be so,
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew,
 My path I could hardly discern;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

'The pilgrim that journies all day,
 To visit some far-distant shrine;
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

S O N G XXIII.
 H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a less,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.
 Not a pine in my grove there is seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.
 One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 Oh! how sudden the jessamine grove
 With the lilac to render it gay;
 Already it calls for my love
 To prune the wild branches away.
 From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow?
 How the nightingales warble their loves,
 From the thickets of roses that blow.
 And when her bright form shall appear
 Each bird shall harmoniously join,
 In a concert so soft, and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons feed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, the averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
 How that pity was due to—a dove;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the fister of love.
 But her words fuch a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore;
 Let her fpeak, and whatever fhe fay,
 Methinks I fhould love her the more.

Can a bofom fo gentle remain,
 Unmov'd when her Corydon fighs?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 Thefe plains and this valley defpife?
 Dear regions of filence and fhade,
 Soft fcenes of contentment and eafe,
 Where I could have pleafingly stray'd,
 If aught in her abfence could pleafe.

But where does my Phillida ftray;
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the fhepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine:
 The fwains may in manners compare;
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G XXIV.

S O L L I C I T U D E.

WH Y will you my paffion reprove,
 Why term it a folly to grieve;
 Ere I fhew you the charms of my love?
 She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave ;
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping and listen the while ;
 Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries, in the dance,
 Any favour with Phyllis to find ;
 O ! how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind ?
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around ;
 And his pipe—Oh ! may Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound !

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold ;
 How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom be sure is as cold !
 How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie :
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs, and die !

To the grove, or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet ;
 Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet :

“ O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r !

What are pinks in a morn to compare ?

What is eglantine after a show'r ?

Then the lilly no longer is white ;

Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;

Then the violets die with despoight,

And the woodbines give up their perfume.”

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
 —Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

S O N G XXV.

DISAPPOINTMENT

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more head of my sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun,
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone.
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain,
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes,
 When I cannot endure to forget,
 The glance that undid my repose?
 Yet time may diminish the pain,
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream;
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
 High transports are shewn to the sight;
 But we are not to find them our own;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
 I would vanish from every eye!
 Yet my reed shall resound from the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 How she finil'd, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

S O N G XXVI

I.

RAIL no more, ye learned ailes,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.
 Fill them higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

II.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure
 Enter Jollity and Joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ.

Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

S O N G XXVII.

I.

CRANT me, kind Bacchus, the God of the vine,
 Not a pipe, not a tun, but an ocean of wine:
 With a ship that's well mann'd with such hearty fellows
 Who ne'er left a tavern for a paultry ale-house.

II.

Let the ship spring a leak to let in the tipples,
 Without pump, or long boat, to save ship or people;
 So that each jolly lad may ever be bound,
 Or to drink, or to drink, or to drink, or be drown'd.

III.

When death does prevail, it is my design,
 To be nobly entomb'd in a wave of good wine:
 So that living, or dead, both body and spirit,
 May float round this world in an ocean of claret.

S O N G XXVIII.

I.

WHEN I die, let me have in a hoghead my grave,
 And store it with racy Canary:
 Then, ye jolly boys come, sing and roar o'er my tomb;
 For I'll make all the good fellows merry.

II.

Wine warmeth the veins, and cheareth the brains,
 When drunk with a beggar I'm happy;
 Then I revel and sing, I'm an absolute king,
 'Tis the joy of my soul to be nappy.

III.

He's a traitor that thinks, he's a true man that drinks;
 Then push it about, honest fellow;
 See, it swells o'er the glass, and it smiles in your face,
 Like your mistress 'tis pleasant and mellow.

S O N G XXIX.

I.

IN wine there is all that in life you can name,
 It strengthens our friendships, in love aids the flame;
 Then since, my brave boys, our life's but a span,
 Let's live all our days, and let this be the plan.

*To drink, my brave boys, and drive away sorrow,
 If the cash holds but out, we'll ne'er ask to borrow;
 If the cash holds but out, we'll ne'er ask to borrow;
 Tho' poor rogues to day, we'll be rich rogues to-morrow.*

II.

May we live in a village, not far from a town,
 With a bed for a friend, if he chance to come down;
 With a pack of good hounds, that when we awake,
 We may mount the brisk hunter and draw the next brake.
To drink, my brave boys, &c.

III.

May our dishes be good, not nice of their sort,
 And our cellars well stor'd with old claret and port;
 With a few bumper-glasses to tosse our old glories,
 As our fathers and grand-fires have oft done before us.
To drink, my brave boys, &c.

IV.

With an honest buck-chaplain to grace a round table,
 Who will drink while he can, and no longer than able;
 Who will drink 'till his face like the claret is red,
 Or like old Airds the Parson, God rest him he's dead.
To drink, my brave boys, &c.

V.

Thus, as we have liv'd, may we close the last scene,
 Quite free from all hardship, and free from all pain;
 That the young ones may wonder, and the old ones may
 stare,
 And amaz'd, both cry out, O what friendship was there?
To drink, my brave boys, &c.

S O N G X X X.

THERE was a jolly miller, once
 Liv'd on the river Dee,
 He work'd and sung from morn to night,
 No lark more blyth than he.
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be ;
 I care for nobody, No, not I,
 If no one cares for me.

S O N G X X X I.

Same TUNE.

HERE's a health to the jolly woodcutter,
 Who lives at home at his ease ;
 He goes to bed when he thinks fit,
 He rises when you please
 He takes his wreath and he winds it,
 He lays it on the ground ;
 He takes his faggot and binds it,
 Drink round, brave boys, drink round.
 Drink round, drink round, 'till it comes to me,
 The longer we sit here to drink, the merrier we shall be.

S O N G X X X I I.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Try all your art to trim it up,
 And damask it round with gold.

II.

Carve me thereon the mantling vine,
 And cle two lovely boys ;
 Whole limbs in amorous folds intwine,
 The type of future joys.

III.

Make it so large, when fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim ;
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea may swim

IV.

Cupid and Bacchus, my gods are ;
 Let love and wine still reign ;
 With wine I'll drive away dull care,
 And then to my love again.

S O N G XXXIII.

I.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass
 Who at cares of the world wou'd repine ;
 'Twas our sorrows to drown and dispel fortune's frown,
 That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the vine.
 'Tis this in all sects the true interest protects,
 And enlivens the lamp of our clay ;
 The parsons looks teach, tho' against it they preach,
 Then believe them, believe them, who pleases, I say.

II.

'Tis not long ago, that a vicar I know,
 Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,
 Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many good soul,
 Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong went the bell.
 Then having a hiccup, took the chair with a kickup.
 I must go, else the church will complain ;
 But friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my priesthood,
 I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you again.

III.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gate.
 With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest,
 To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a doze ;
 And cries excellent, excellent wine, I protest.
 The whole congregation, in strange consternation,
 Left the church with a sigh at the cause ;
 But the clerk more devout cries, Sir, they're all out,
 Then fill 'em, then fill 'em, again my brave boys.

IV.

In law 'twas design'd justice still should be blind,
 Yet she'll squint, if self-interest do call ;
 Then I'm certain I cou'd o'er a hogthead that's good,
 Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and all.
 If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught ;
 Yet old Noah could tipple, they say ;

And we gather from hence, that all mortals of sense,
Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah : Huzza !

S O N G XXXIV.

The HUMOURS of COVENT-GARDEN.

OLD bards have sung how they could boast
Of places much renowned
For bloody battles won and lost,
And royal monarchs crowned,
But all those deeds this age exceeds,
They were not worth regarding,
Some have declared, when once compar'd
With famous Covent-Garden.

First here's a church fam'd Jones did build
For people to be good in ;
Where sermons you may hear are filled
With reasons, like a pudding,
Tho' in his clack the man in black
Is sometimes very clever ;
Yet I've been told both young and old
Remain as wise as ever.

And not far off, great Shakespeare's shade
His court is always keeping ;
Where Comedy is laughing made,
And Tragedy is weeping ;
Here Romeo sighs and Hamlet dies,
And brave Othello's undone ;
To please the folks, here's Shuter's jokes,
Or else the cries of London.

At Bedford next my muse has found
A sight that's worth your taking ;
Where Hobster cries with pleasing sound,
“ Fresh coffee, Sir, is making.”
Here buskin'd beaux, in rich laced cloaths
Like Lords and Squires do bluster,
Bards, quacks, and cits ; knaves, fools and wits ;
An odd surprising cluster.

Now farther let us steer our course,
 The auction-room invites us;
 Where Langford talks 'till he grows hoarse,
 And gapes as if he'd bite us.
 " Lot number one, 'tis finely done,
 " The head of Cardinal Fleury;
 " Guineas a score, I ask no more,
 " 'Tis worth it, I'll assure ye."

Round Hunter's door young surgeons stand,
 Like crows for carrion waiting;
 Within behold the butchering band,
 On blood and bones debating.
 The doctor thus you hear discuss,
 " A surgeon here seen is
 " Which from the root begins to shoot,
 " And runs quite thro' the——

Here Venus sons, more bold than wise,
 To Douglas's retire,
 Who often from love's banquet rise,
 As sparks ascend from fire.
 Here justice too appears in view,
 With bandage o'er her peepers;
 And sword held out, both long and stout,
 To guard the brothel-keepers.

Here's bullies, gamblers, bawds, and whores,
 Who daily do ensnare men;
 Thief-takers, vintners, pimps by scores,
 With Welsh and Irish chairmen.
 And travelers, who the world go thro',
 Have given attestation,
 So strange a place you cannot trace
 In any other nation.

S O N G XXXV.

YE frolicsome sparks of the town,
 Ye misers both wretched and old;
 Pray harken to Billy by name,
 Who once had his hat full of gold.
 And seven score acres of land,
 And corn and cattle in store;

Tho' now he's got none at command,
Yet still is as rich as before.

*Then why shou'd we quarrel for riches,
Or any those glittering toys;
A light heart and thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorough the world, brave boys.*

My father was cased in leather,
My mother in sheep's russet gray;
They wrought in all kinds of weather,
That I might go jovial and gay.
With my rapier, and lac'd hat and feather,
My heart was as light as a cork:
What the old folks had scraped together,
I scatter'd abroad with my fork.

Then why shou'd we quarrel, &c.

They say that care once killed a cat,
It starv'd her and made her to die;
But I will be wiser than that,
For the devil a care will have I.
But ever a full flowing bowl,
To drive away sorrow and strife;
Let's drink to the jolly good soul,
Who never took care in his life.

Then why shou'd we quarrel, &c.

S O N G XXXVI.

I Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
Till at length I found, she'd a mind to me.
I met her on the green, in her best array;
So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away.
Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.
As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate.
But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more than so;
Tied each to a rope's end, is tugging to and fro.
Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd and said, she was wondrous sick;
 Dicky Katy led, and Katy she led Dick.
 Long we roy'd and play'd under yonder oak;
 Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke.
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

S O N G XXXVII.

LET politicians still torture their brains,
 Enhancing their crimes and their troubles;
 Let them buy off the senate, and sell it again,
 Till their vices and pensions are double.
 Let the lawyers sow discord, and reap it in hell,
 Their sense, their king, and their country to sell;
 And the clergy persist their old stories to tell;
 What care I, so I have my bottle.

Let bankers file guineas, and lower our coin,
 To enrich them and beggar our nation;
 Let sharpers be courted, the heedless play on
 To th' increase of our cash-circulation.
 Let ladies too pious by fidlers be fobb'd,
 And mankind by mankind be cozen'd and jobb'd;
 It availeth me nothing, so I be not robb'd
 Of my nearest friend, my dear bottle.

Let whimsical Jove turn day into night,
 Obstructing all regular motion,
 Deprive sun and moon of their virtues and light,
 And dry up the fathomless ocean.
 Should the world in confusion to atoms dissolve,
 And all human kind in the ruins involve,
 I'd laugh at it all, and wou'd firmly resolve
 To drink out the last of my bottle.

S O N G XXXVIII.

T U N E, Oons Neighbour ne'er blush.

YE priggs, who are troubled with conscience's qualms,
 Who ever are praying or chanting of Psalms,
 Come listen a while, and I'll sing you a song
 Shall open your eyes, and you'll see right from wrong.

In claret alone you shou'd place all your hope ;
 There's more absolution in this than the Pope ;
 'Tis the famous *elixir salutis* of life ;
 With this you may face either devil or wife.

Your Mars and Apollo, in spite of the schools,
 And Jupiter eke, to our Bacchus are fools ;
 When his blessed spirit enlivens our clods,
 Each mortal's inspir'd with the power of the gods.
 Not Mars is so valiant when watchmen provoke,
 Not Phœbus so wise when the justice we smoke,
 Nor Jove half so rampant in all his amours,
 When we thunder away from our claret to whores.

My morals are sound, for they lie in my glass,
 My religion and faith are my bottle and lass,
 My church is the tavern, a vintner the priest ;
 And thus I go on 'till the saint is deceas'd :
 And when I no longer can revel and roar,
 But must part with my bottle, my friend, and my whore,
 Embalm me in claret, pay rites at my shrine ;
 Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.

S O N G XXXIX.

AS Chloe sat shelter'd and breath'd the cool air,
 While music awaken'd the grove,
 Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy fair,
 In all the soft language of love.
 But she was so cruel, his suit she deny'd,
 And laugh'd as he told her his pain ;
 And while the poor shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,
 I will die a maid, my dear swain.

O ! what, says the youth, must thy beauty so gay
 Perplex us at once, and invite ?
 Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey
 Of that which was meant for delight.
 When age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkled o'er,
 Then all will my Chloe disdain ;
 But still all her answer was, Teaze me no more,
 I will die a maid, my dear swain.

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
 His flame was so strong and sincere ;

Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,
 And banish'd his torture and fear.
 My joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
 O Chloe, be gentle and good ;
 The fair one grew softer, and sighing, reply'd,
 I'd fain die a maid, if I could.

S O N G XL.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care.
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 Each helping the other in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.
 Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve.
 'Tis the spring-tide of life and the fuel of love ;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.
 But should she my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest'd with her love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass ;
 My bottle I'll break and demolish my glass.

S O N G XLI.

TUNE, Balance a Straw.

TO think on one's follies sometimes is but right,
 And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing got by't.
 How many ways mortals pursue after bliss,
 But still the genteelest is keeping a Miss.
 The prudent are constant to one, and no more ;
 But I, like a blockhead, must dabble with four.
 I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a rake,
 Miss—Fortune, Miss—Conduct, Miss—Chance, and
 Miss—Take.

Four ill so destructive, four brimstones so bad,
 By Jove, were enough for to drive a man mad.
 Tho' jealousy oft makes the fair disagree ;
 Yet these are united in kindness for me

In life's wanton paths they seduc'd me to stray,
 And seem'd to spread flowers of delight in my way.
 So foolish was I, I'd have died for the sake
 Of Miss—Fortune, Miss—Conduct, Miss—Chance, and
 Miss—Take.

At length, fair Discretion, with Reason combin'd,
 Thus whisper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind.
 You've surely not got them for better, for worse,
 Get at once into business, you'll get a divorce.
 I thought 'twas my duty to part with them too,
 Because they so long had detain'd me from you.
 And now do but smoke, and I'll ever forsake
 Miss—Fortune, Miss—Conduct, Miss—Chance, and
 Miss—Take.

S O N G XLII.

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
 Can bribe honest souls to endure it ;
 When the heart is perplex and surrounded with care,
 Dear women and wine only cure it.
When the heart, &c.

Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
 And wisely to purpose employ them;
 He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
 Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.
He's a fool, &c.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my dear Jack,
 To heighten our amorous fires ;
 Our girls young and sound, and shall kiss with a smack,
 And gratify all our desires :
 The bottles we'll crack, the lasses we'll smack,
 And gratify all our desires.

S O N G XLIII.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest ;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants.
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants ;
 The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day.

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

S O N G XLIV.

O Greedy Midas ! I've been told,
 That what you touch'd you turn'd to gold.
 O had I but power like thine,
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine !

Each purling stream should feel my force,
 Each fish my fatal power mourn ;
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,
 Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare t'approach
 Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,
 But first should pay their vows to me,
 And style me only god of wine.

S O N G XLV.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shoot, and revelry,
 Tipfy dance, and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head :
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.

S O N G XLVI.

BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care ! 'twas made for you.

S O N G XLVII.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What has night to do with sleep ?
 Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love :
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G XLVIII.

PREACH not me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.
 If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by ;
 An hour is long, if lost in care,
 They only live, who life enjoy.

S O N G XLIX.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give ;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.
 Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain ;

The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what you
gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

SONG L.

I.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's sociably stor'd, my brave boys?
And a cellar, &c.

II.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Spoil that cask; ay, that wine we will try;
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye, my brave boys.

III.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'I will light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for that purpose I've broke;
For I hate that a bumper should stand, my brave boys.

IV.

Astride on a butt, for a butt shou'd be strode,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape blessing Bacchus (the good-fellows god)
A sentiment give, or a song, my brave boys.

V.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the ouzing drops seem
The moist walls with wet pearl to imboss;
The arch-moulding cob-webs in Gothick taste stream
Like stucco-work cut out of moss, my brave boys.

VI.

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously ranged in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue, my brave boys.

VII.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
 No ancient more patriot-like bled ;
 Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
 And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead, my brave
 boys.

VIII.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bings are well
 fill'd ;
 View that heap of Pyremont in the rear ;
 Yon bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tire over tire, my brave boys.

IX.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No *hic jacet* ingrav'd on my stone ;
 But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,
 And write that his drinking is done, my brave boys.

S O N G L I.
 The T O P E R.

I.

OF all the occupations,
 A toper's far the best ;
 For when the world's affairs run cross,
 Good liquor gives him rest.
And a toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go.
And a toping we will go.

II.

Here's to thee, honest toping Jack,
 Here's wine will chear our hearts ;
 And if the bottle's almost out,
 We'll call for t'other quart.
And a toping, &c.

III.

What tho' your sober sneakers
 Call jolly topers swine ;
 Because they wallow in the myre,
 And we do swim in wine ?
And a toping, &c.

IV.

The music that delights us most,
 Is when the bar-bell rings ;

For when the wine's got in our heads,
We fancy that we're kings.
And a toping, &c.

V.

Good liquor drives away all cares,
Which do perplex mens lives ;
For when we've drunk our courage up,
We fear no scolding wives.
And a toping, &c.

VI.

We'll drink at morn, at noon, at night ;
The glass shall still go round,
And when we cannot sit upright,
We'll drink upon the ground.
And a toping, &c.

VII.

See how the shining sparkles rise,
When we fill our glasses high ;
Tho' gouty pains attack our limbs,
We'll drink until we die.
And a toping, &c.

VIII.

The lover lives by Celia's smiles ;
And if she frowns, he dies ;
But what are womens smiles or frowns,
To jolly drinking boys ?
And a toping, &c.

IX.

Let misers heap up sordid gold,
To please their greedy souls ;
The only bliss we toppers find,
Is in full flowing bowls.
And a toping, &c.

X.

Let Whigs and Tories plague their heads
To settle state-affairs,
We'll drink, and ne'er regard their noise.
Tho' we live a thousand years.
And a toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go.
And a toping we will go.

S O N G LII.

I.

MORTALS wisely learn to measure
 Life by the extent of joy.
 Life's a short and fleeting pleasure ;
 Then be gay,
 While you may,
 And your hours in mirth employ.

II.

Never let a mistress pain you,
 Tho' she meets you with a frown ;
 Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you ;
 Chear thy heart,
 And all smart,
 In a sweet oblivion drown.

III.

If love's fiercer flames should seize you,
 To some gentle maid repair ;
 She'll with soft endearments ease you ;
 On her breast,
 Lull'd to rest,
 Eas'd of love, and free from care.

IV.

Friendship, love, and wine united,
 From all ills defend the mind ;
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy state,
 Smile at fate,
 And give sorrows to the wind.

S O N G LIII.

The SOLDIER'S MEDLEY.

THE lark was up and the morning gray,
 The drummer beat the ravallée ;
 And jolly soldiers on the ground,
 In peaceful camp slept safe and sound,
 Only one poor soldier who
 Nought but love could e'er subdue ;

Wander'd to a neighbouring grove,
There to vent his plaints and love.

O! women are lovely dangerous things,
Their sweets, like the bees, are mingled with stings;
They're not to be had without care and cost;
They're hard to be kept and easily lost.

In seeking a fair one, I found to my smart,
I knew not the way I lost my own heart;
I knew not the way I lost my own heart.

Too fondly once I thought to win the lovely charmer,
And every method try'd in hopes to make her warmer;
But all my hopes are over; what scheme then can I try,
But like a hapless lover, here lay me down and die?

As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In arms bright and gay,
And thus to him did say:

Rise soldier, rise, the drum has beat to arms;
Hark to the loud alarms;
Hang her beauty, mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.

Rise soldier, rise, I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you to the land,
And give you the command
Of a chosen band.

Rise, foldier rise,
Don't be stupid,
Drive away Cupid,
Think of Minerva's wise advice.

Soldier, go home, go home,
Ne'er mind your mistress's scorn,
Slight, slight her again,
Slight, slight her again;
For slighted love should flightier turn.

The soldier then rose from his amorous slott,
Hasted away on his duty,
Swore to Minerva a damnable oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.

Sing Bachelor Bluff, Bachelor Bluff,
Hey for a heart as stout as buff.

Those that live single, they never wear horns,
Those that live single are happy ;
Those that are married do lie upon thorns,
They always go ragged and shabby.

Sing cuckolds come dig, cuckolds come dig,
Round about cuckolds come dance to my jig.

Those that live single ne'er fear a rout,
Nothing to them can be sweeter ;
They have no wife for to simper and pout,
Crying how can you leave me, dear Peter ?

Sing Bachelor Bluff, Bachelor Bluff,
Hey for a heart as stout as buff.

Ye belles and flirts, that are so fair,
Say, are not soldiers form'd for love ?
For sure you'll find them all sincere,
If you'll but kind and constant prove.

But if you flight their passions still,
And tyrannize o'er hearts so true ;
Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
And never care a damn for you.

O ! hold your foolish tongue,
Little smiling Cupid said,
Have you never heard it sung,
That constancy wou'd win a maid ?

The greatest men alive
Have been by Cupid's power overcome ;
'Tis in vain with love to strive,
Tho' arm'd with sword, and spear, and gun.

Then ground your arms, sons of war,
There's no quarr'ling with the fair.

S O N G L I V.

I.

A Friend of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me doun
 To drink a bottle of ale wi him
 In the nieft borrows town.
 But O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame,
 My wife had taen the gee.

II.

We sat sae late, and drank sae flout.
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire-side;
 And the tear blinds ay her eie,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae too;
 But sit and tak the gee.

III.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The nier a word she spake;
 But monny a sad and four look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour on me?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll never tak the gee.

IV.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And poor, wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi me;
 I'll say my life I'll be the wife
 That's never tak the gee.

S O N G L V

T U N E, Fy, lets a' to the Bridal.

I.

TIS nae very lang sin fine,
 That I had a lad of my ain;
 But now he's awa to anither,
 And left me a' my lain.
 The lais he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a';
 And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa.

II.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad,
 Who has sence to wale a good wife.
 For tho' I said my fell,
 That shou'd nae said, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue

III.

I gang ay fou clean, and fou toff,
 As a' the nei'bours can tell;
 Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysell.
 And when I'm clad in my curtsey,
 I think mysell as braw
 As Sussie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa.

IV.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
 And may they live happy for life;
 Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me
 The child, he deserves a good wife.
 But, O! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
 As blyth as wiel can be;
 For ane that's sic keen o the filler
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

V.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrupit and scant;
 The wic thing I ha'e, I'll make use o',
 And nae ane about me shall want.
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to had and to gie;
 For whinging and cringing for filler
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

VI.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An he wha has that, has enough;
 The master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wou'd ca't up,
 To make me his partner for life;
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

S O N G LVI.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

I.

'T WAS in that season of the year
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.

II.

O' Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

III.

Awake sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms; awake and sing:
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song.

IV.

To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O! bid her haste and come away;

in sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

V.

O, hark my love ! on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.

VI.

Then let my raptur'd soul arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

VII.

O come, my love ! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls : O come away ;
Come, while the muse the wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.

VIII.

O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that so sweetly shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

S O N G LVII.

I.

I'VE been courting at a lass
These twenty days and mair ;
Her father winna gie me her,
She has sic a gleib of gear.
But gin I had her where I wou'd
Amang the hether here,
I'd strive to win her kindness,
For a' her father's care.

II.

For she's a bonny fonsie lass,
An armsfu', I swear ;
I wou'd marry her without a coat,
Or e'er a plack o' gear.
For, trust me, when I saw her first,
She gae me sic a wound,

That a' the doctors i'the earth
Can never mak me found.

III.

For when she's absent frae my sight,
I think upon her still ;
And when I sleep, or when I wake,
She does my senses fill.
May Heav'n's guard the bonny lass
That sweetens a' my life ;
And thame sa me gin e'er I seek
Anither for my wife.

S O N G LVIII.

T W E E D - S I D E .

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose ?
How finest are her smiles upon *Tweed* ?
Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnets, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove,
With music inchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.
How does my love pass the long day ?
Does *Mary* not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel ;
 No beauty with her may comparie ;
 Lov.'s graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shalt I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed* ?

S O N G LIX.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEARKEN, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo;
 Tho' he could neither fay nor do;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But say he cries, whate'er betide,
 Maggy, I'll hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within ?
 I'm come your daughter's love to win,
 I care na for making meikle din,
 What answer gi'e ye me?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, fin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town ?
 I think my doughter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse.
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough.
The place they ca' it *Cadnough* ;

I corn to tell a lie :
Besides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town :
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here ;
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear ;
And for mysell you need na fear

Troth, try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu law,
She had na will to say him na ;
But to her dady she left it a',

As they twa could agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Synne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she has left it a',
As we could 'gree between us twa ;

Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her ?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But sic's I ha'e, ye's get a pickle.
With a fal, dal, &c

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three foun's of sheep, twa good milk ky.
Ye's ha'e the wadding free ;

Troth, I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't.
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythesome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mefs John ty'd up the marriage-bands.
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their toys and matches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our ladies' een.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, an' sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their wames together met.
With a fal, dal, &c.

S O N G L X.

The Broom of COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
 The swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me:
 I met him with good will.
*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknaws;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The burds stood list'ning by:
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate, that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

S O N G L X I.

The Lads of PEATY'S Mill

THE lads of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.

When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I with'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
 Hopeton's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

S O N G LXII.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The Yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn.

He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That Silvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth :
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

S O N G LXIII.

Throw the Wood, LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me :
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing ;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then say, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But, quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and
play.

S O N G LXIV.

To the TUNE of, GILDER ROY.

AH! Chloris, cou'd I now but fit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain!
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay;
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart;
 Each glory'd in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
 To make a beauty, she.

S O N G LXV.

An thou were my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For Heaven's sake, oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*An thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save ;
O ! for their sake support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fates my thread of life have spun
Which breathing out I'll love thee.

An thou were, &c.

* * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning dew
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.

An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in fast whispers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

An thou were &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean ?
She moves a goddess o'er the green ;
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but mysell aboon thee.

An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs thou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay ;

Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee.

An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.

An thou were, &c.

S O N G LXVI.

The MILL, MILL----O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still—O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good will—O:
Her bosom I prels'd; but sunk in her rest,
She stir'dna my joy to spill—O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
I' employ my courage and skill—O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',
For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.

Two years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I restyng speer'd how she fell—O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
Sweet sir, gin I can tell—O

Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bade her a' fears expel—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysell—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,

If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's Mill—O.
*O the mill, mill—O, and the hill, hill—O,
 And the ceggin of the wheel—O :*
*The sack and the sieve, a' that ye mean leave,
 And round with a sidge reel—O.*

S O N G LXVII.

The young Lass contra auld Man.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,
 And his beard new shav'n,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The carl trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 For a' his beard be new shav'n,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller brooch he gae me niest,
 To fasten on my curchea nooked,
 I wor'd a wee upon my breast,
 But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest ;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

Th' carl has na fault but ane ;
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;
 But wae's me for him ! skin and bone
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash, without a man wi' them ?

But shou'd my cankerd dad'y gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.

Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

S O N G LXVIII.

To the TUNE of, *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't;
 To grace it, and trace it,
 And gie me delight;
 To bless me, and kiss me,
 And comfort my fight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And na mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My Christy she's charming and good as she's fair;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair:
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By heaven were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blessings refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and chear me
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content,*
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G L X I X .

WILLY was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carry'd ay the gree awa :
His doublet was of Zetland thag,
And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
And at his shouder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a saw ;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-thaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gow'd ?
He wan the love of great and fina' ;
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-fale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As thyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair ;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his couple inout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.

Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, Well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's thanks are fair,
 And I am come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance;
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like Willy, ye advance;
 (O! Willy has a wanton leg);
 For wif he learns us a' to fleeer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

S O N G LXX.

BONNY BESSY, TUNE, *Bessy's Haggie*.

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her many virtues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her.
 Bonny Bessy, thee alone
 Love I, naething else about thee;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee
 Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd;
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder
 Witne, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.
 Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These inchanting sweets in plenty
 Must entice a thousand lovers.
 'Tis not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but tease ye.

S O N G LXXI.

The last Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me.

Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me ?

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd

The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid,

In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,

Gazing and chasteely sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,

Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,

Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;

In raptures I beheld her eyes,

Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,

Where mortal steel may wound me,

Or cast upon some foreign shore,

Where dangers may surround me.

Yet hopes again to see my love,

To feast on glowing kisses,

Shall make my cares at distance move,

In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place

To let a rival enter :

Since she excels in every grace.

In her my love than center.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,

Their waves the Alps shall cover,

On Greenland ice shall notes blow,

Before I came to love her.

The next time I go over the moor,

She shall a lover find me ;

And that my faith is firm and pure,

Tho' I left her behind me ;

Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G LXXII.

Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blais fae bald,
 Was threat ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,
 And I am laith that she shoud tyne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the list fae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be provd, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but ha'f a crown ;
 He said, they were a groat o'r dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of hie degree ;
 'Tis pride puts a the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hunklen in the afe?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

S O N G LXXIII.

She raise and loot me in.

THE night her silent fable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When at her father's yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrouded only with her smock,
 Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
 She trembling stood agham'd:
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
 And ev'ry touch inflam'd.

My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win;
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest'd a man was I.
 And she, all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with bairn,
 And fighting hot and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd even just like a fool.
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin:
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
 Thus all was well again,
 And now she thanks the happy time
 That e'er she loot me in.

S O N G LXXIV.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 Like the little birds that fly,
 With carele's ease, from tree to tree,
 Were not so blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream:
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught:
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twissing pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractic'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

S O N G LXXV.

The Birks of INVERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from the spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear,

At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade :
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

III.

The laverocks now and lintwhite sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring ;
 The mavis and the blackbird vie,
 in tuneful strains to glad the day ;
 The woods now wear their summer-fruits ;
 To mirth all nature now invites :
 Let us be blythsome then and gay
 Among the birks of Invermay.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

S O N G LXXVI.

Tarry Woo.

I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.

When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is hastens done;
But when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallaw-deer,
No be ha' so useful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

V.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holydays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings fae well;
Sings fae well, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo?

S O N G LXXVII.

HOW little do the landmen know
 Of what we failors feel ;
 When waves do mount and winds do blow ?
 But we have hearts of steel :
 No danger can afright us,
 No enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the Monfieurs right us ;
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick flout to orders, meffmates,
 We'll plunder, burn, and fink,
 Then France, have at your firft-rates,
 For Britons never shrink :
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by fcores,
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in louis d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble Commodore ;
 We'll fpend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to fea for more :
 In peace we ll drink and fmg, boys,
 In war we'll never fly ;
 Here's a health to George, our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

S O N G LXXVIII.

Y O U N G P A T T Y.

YOUNG Patty was wanton, young Patty was gay.
 She'd dance, and fhe'd fmg with the nymphs all
 the day :

Yet fhe was afraid, tho' for why fhe knew not,
 Afraid of a man—but no matter for that.

Brisk Colin, who long had the maid in his eye,
 And faw how determin'd fhe was to be fhy,
 Approach'd her, refolv'd her fweet lips to be at ;
 But from him fhe flew—tho' no matter for that,
 With all the wing'd fpeed that a lover cou'd make,
 The Shepherd purfu'd her, his heart was at ftake.

He caught her, and sigh'd, thou'rt an angel dear Patt,
The nymph stopt him short—with no matter for that.

He press'd her soft hand, while he kneel'd at her feet,
He spoke such kind things in a manner so sweet,
That Patty consented to sit down and chat,
No longer afraid—but no matter for that.

Let fancy paint next what I must not declare,
But take with my song these instructions, ye fair;
Fear guards you from all that the men would be at;
'Till wedded fear man—then, no matter for that.

S O N G LXXIX.

TELL me, lasses, have you seen
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
Cupid's son, a little boy,
Full of frolic, mirth and joy.
Can ye find his shelter, say,
He's from Venus gone astray.

Tell me lasses, &c.

By his marks the god you'll know,
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poison sure to human hearts;
Though he's little, naked, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.

Tell me lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found,
While the bosom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains,
Reason's shield itself is broke
By the unexpected stroke.

Tell me lasses, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie
Basking in the sunny eye;
Oftentimes his prey he seeks
On the maiden's rosy cheeks;
Sometimes he in curling hair,
Or snowy bosoms, forms his snare.

Tell me lasses, &c.

She that the recess reveals
 Where the god himself conceals,
 Shall a kiss receive this night
 From him who is her heart's delight;
 To Venus let her bring the boy,
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.

Tell me lasses, &c.

S O N G LXXX.

The DUST-CART, a favourite CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom the streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cynders round her lovely waist;
 Tom, with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
 And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

A I R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your carts,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take our dust and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you,
 And dwells among the dust with you.

Oh! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain,
 Give me the heart you stole again,
 Give me my heart out of your cart,
 Give me the heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
 She heav'd her swelling breast as black as sloe,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below;
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paultry croud oppress'd?

Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire ;
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride in
 my dult-cart.
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dult-cart.

S O N G LXXXI.

T O B Y R E D U C ' D.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.—
 Bell, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please ;
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old Stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale,
 Vale, sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G LXXXII.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 He fought the lass he lov'd the best ;
 As t'wards her cot he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song ;

But when his errand Dolly knew,
She vow'd she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
Than any maid he'd seen before,
In tender sighs protesting he
Wou'd constant as the turtle be :
Talk'd much of death should she refuse,
And us'd such arts as lovers use ;
'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true ;
But now—I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest,
To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
But trust me, I'll ne'er die for love :
'Though first she did his courtship scorn,
Now Doll began to court in turn,
Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
Step in—I've nothing else to do.

S O N G LXXXIII.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth,
Whence jollity springs, and contentment has
birth ;

What mortals so happy as we who combine,
And fix our delight in the juice of the vine :
No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue,
No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not inforc'd by the crown,
And we stand to them fair, till we fairly fall down :
At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,
Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine :
To Cæsar, and Bacchus, our tribute is due,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Chorus. *To Cæsar, &c.*

His Worship so grave here may revel and roar,
The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so before,

The parson here stript of his priesthood's disguise,
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and grow wise;
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,
 So glafs after glafs, my boys, let us pursue.

Chorus. *The Husband, &c.*

The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate;
 If wars rise among us they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue,
 Then glafs after glafs, my boys let us pursue.

Chorus. *'Tis this way, &c.*

S O N G LXXXIV.

LOTHARIA.

VAINEY now ye strive to charm me
 All ye sweets of blooming May;
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away?
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.
 Sweeter notes, &c.

S O N G LXXXV.

JOVE, when he saw my Fanny's face,
 With wond'rous passion mov'd,
 Forgot the care of human race,
 And found at once he lov'd.
 Then to the god of soft desire
 His suit he thus address'd;
 I Fanny love, with mutual fire;
 O touch her tender breast!

Your suit is hopeless, Cupid cries,
 I lov'd the maid before :
 What ! rival me, the Pow'r replies,
 Whom gods and men adore.
 He grasp'd the bolt, he shook the springs
 Of his imperial throne,
 While Cupid flap'd his rosy wings,
 And in a breath was gone.
 O'er earth and seas the god he flew,
 But still no shelter found ;
 For, as he fled, the dangers grew,
 And light'ning flash'd around ;
 At last his trembling fear impells
 His flight to Fanny's eyes ;
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native skies.

S O N G LXXXVI.

A L L A N - W A T E R.

SAY, muse, what numbers will relate,
 What verse be found to praise my Annie ?
 On her ten thousand graces wait ;
 Each swain admires, and own's she's bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire ;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes run ye,
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her ;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the snows Aurora came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
 His rising sighs expand his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

S O N G LXXXVII.

THE wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd,
 If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the souearmist tops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease;
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why shou'd they ever give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me—whilst he can.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
 One morning very soon,
 Put on his best apparel,
 New hose and clouted shoon;
 And he a wooing came
 To bonny buxome Nell;

Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I like thee wond'rous well.

My horses I have drest,
And gi'n them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel:
And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny Nell;
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I'll like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
The damsel then reply'd,
I'm not in such a haste
To be a plowman's bride;
No, I yet live in hopes
To marry a farmer's son:
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go;
Sweet mistress, I have done.

Your horses you have drest,
Good Hodge, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel;
And being come this way,
Come sit and chat a while:
O no indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prat,
I've other fish to fry.

Go take your farmer's son,
With all my honest heart;
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plow and cart,
I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife?
There's buxome Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.

Pray what of buxome Joan?
Can't I please you as well?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxome Nell;
And I have fifty shillings:
The money made him smile;

Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half an hour
These two a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money
They both wou'd have good luck.
To your fifty I have forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands;
Then who but you and I?

S O N G LXXXIX.

WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,
That you, with taste uncommon,
Have play'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman?

Happy Dick.

Each Belle condemns the choice
Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
But we, your friends, rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly.
Tho' odd to some it sounds,
That on threescore you ventur'd;
Yet in ten thousand pounds,
Ten thousand charms are center'd.

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd flow'r;
Nor can the fairest maid
Insure her bloom an hour.

Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient,
As the curious value coin
The more for being ancient.

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her,
And she herself still be
The same that first you found her.

Oft is the married state
 With jealousies attended;
 And hence, thro' foul debate,
 The nuptial joys suspended:

But you, with such a wife,
 No jealous fears are under,
 She's yours alone for life,
 Or much we all shall wonder.

Her death wou'd grieve you sore,
 But let not that torment you!
 O'my life, she'll see fourscore,
 If that will but content you.

On this you may rely,
 For the pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
 Unless the d—I's in her.

Some have the name of hell
 To matrimony given;
 How falsely, you can tell,
 Who find it such a heaven.

With you, each day and night
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness;
 While envious virgins bite
 The hated sheets for madness.

With spouse long share the bliss
 Y'had mis'd in any other;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another.

Observing hence, from you,
 In marriage such decorum,
 Our wiser youth shall do
 As you have done before 'em.

Happy Dick.

S O N G X C.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth, fair Celia lay,
 With love and sleep oppress:

When a youthful swain, with admiring eyes,
Wish'd that he durst the fair maid surprise ;

With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arose,
That fann'd her robes aside ;
And the sleeping nymph did those charms disclose
Which waking she would hide ;
Then his breath grew short, and his pulse beat high.
He longed to touch what he chanc'd to spy ;
With a fa, la, &c.
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd, he stood, with her beauties fir'd,
And blest the courteous wind ;
Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,
That Celia might be kind :
When, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd again,
But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the am'rous youth, to relieve his pain,
The slumb'ring maid caress'd ;
And with trembling hand, (O the simple swain !
Her glowing bosom press'd :
When the virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wishing he wou'd pursue :
With a fa, la, &c.
But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himself he thus accus'd,
What a dill and a stupid fool was I,
That such a chance abus'd ?
To my shame 'twill now on the plain be said,
Damon a virgin a-sleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, &c.
Yet let her go a maid.

S O N G XCI.

TUNE, *Let ambition fire thy mind.*

WHAT is love, fantastic boy?
Does he give a bliss sincere?
Short and transient is the joy
Simple mortals hold so dear.

Bacchus yields but gay deceit,
That our senses steals away;
Who unhurt did e'er retreat,
That enjoy'd him one whole day.

Join but friendship then to love,
And observe what joys appear;
Once unite 'em, and you'll prove
Earth can give a bliss sincere.

Mingle friendship in the glass,
And sublimer joys shall flow;
Wing'd with peace the hours shall pass,
Time his frowns of age forego.

Friendship, thee I'll ever sing,
Best and purest gift of Jove,
Thou shalt sound on every string,
Source of joy, and sum of love.

S O N G XCII.

TUNE, *Dumbarton Drums.*

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And how little I ha'e o't my self;
I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jonny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he was na' worth a groat,
And shame fa', &c.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her filken attire:

And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat,
And shame fa', &c.

Yet a' this shall never danten me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May the d--I take the gear and the bagrie o't.

S O N G X C I I I .

PHILLIS, as her wine she sip'd in,
Gaily talking with her swain,
Into her hand he slyly slip'd in
Tol, lol, lol, lol,

A full glass of brisk champaign.
Why so coy, said he, and fickle?
Must I always sigh in vain?
Must I never hope to tickle
Tol, lol, &c.

Your ear with a merry strain?
Long have I been tofs'd and fretting,
Like a sailor on the main;
Sure, at length, 'tis time to get in
Tol, lol, &c.

To the port I hope to gain.
Hearts you take delight in stealing,
Of new conquests still are vain;
Torture others, whilst I'm feeling
Tol, lol, &c.

Pleasure that is void of pain.
Won at length, she listen'd kindly,
And from love could not refrain;
So in the nick the nymph was finely
Tol, lol, &c.
Fitted for her cold disdain.

S O N G X C I V .

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
He wants to be with me, wherever I go:
The duce sure is in him for plaguing me so!

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide,
 I bid him depart, but he smiling says, No:
 The duce must be in him for plaguing me so!

He often requests me his pain to relieve;
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow:
 What mortal besides him would plague a maid so?

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 He softly intreated I'd wear for his sake:
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so!

He hands me each eve to the cot from the plain,
 He meets me each morn to conduct me again:
 But what's his intention I wish I could know;
 For I'd rather be married than plagu'd with him so.

S O N G XCV.

TO take in good part the squeeze of the hand,
 That language of lovers who dare not demand,
 And then with another as close and as dear,
 You've made him believe his happiness near.

You've made him believe, &c.
 Then to tell him a tale of a cock and a bull,
 That you meant no such thing, but was playing the fool.
 That you meant no such thing, &c.

The tread on the toe to admit and be free,
 And strait to reply with the toe-repartee,
 To express with your eyes your inward desires,
 And thus with full hopes to kindle his fires.
 Then to tell him, &c.

When he wants to disclose what he dare not reveal,
 When he looks very silly, and means a great deal,
 When he thinks (if e'er thinking should enter his brain)
 You'll now grant his wish, the cause of his pain.
 Then to tell him, &c.

To let him enraptur'd proceed on to bliss,
 To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kiss.

When coyness retreating unwillingly flies,
When sighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes,
Then to tell him, &c.

S O N G XCVI.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
To celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home,
To celebrate harvest-home.
'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home,
To celebrate harvest-home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store,
Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;
Let each man then take for his prong and his rake
His cann and his lass in his hand :
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
In innocence, pastime, and mirth ;
While thus we carouse, with our sweet-heart, or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth :
When Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home,
To celebrate harvest-home.

S O N G XCVII.

TO day let us never be slaves,
Nor the fate of to-morrow inquire,
Old wizards and gypsies are knaves,
And the devil, we know, is a liar.
Then drink off a bumper whilst you may,
We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho' our hairs are gray ;
He's a fool and an ass
That will baulk a full glass
For fear of another day.

S O N G XCVIII.

ONE evening Good-humour took Wit as his guest,
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast :
 Their liquor was claret, and friendship their host,
 And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each toast.
 But whilst, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their design,
 For the joy of a buck lies in love, mirth, and wine,
 Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a rude knock ;
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'Tis past twelve
 o'clock !

They quickly run down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound ;
 When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd,
 To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seiz'd !

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,
 And his single lock dangling a-down his smooth scull
 My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
 And bid you begone ; for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom-tooth'd savage, On this advice fix,
 Tho' Nature stricks twelve, Folly still points to six.
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it ;
 So pop'd him at once into a hoghead of claret.

That's right, crys out Wit, while we're yet in our prime,
 There's nothing like claret for killing of Time.
 Huzza ! replied Mirth, now no more can he knock,
 Or impertinent tell us, 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

S O N G XCIX.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night
 long,

And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise ;
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

S O N G C.

WOULD you taste the noontide air ?
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phæbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep,
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose ;

All alone, — yet in her arms
 Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
 Till blest'd and blessing you shall own
 The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G C I.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields ;
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away ;
 Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.
 The merry, merry, &c.

The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry ;
 Then follow, follow, follow, the musical chase,
 Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.
 Then follow, follow, &c.

The day's sport, when over, makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night.
 Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day,
 Then let us, &c.

S O N G C I I.

HOW stands the glass around,
 Of which we take no care, my boys ?
 How stands the glass around ?
 Let wine and mirth abound ;
 The trumpets sound ;
 The colours they do fly, my boys ;
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 As you'll be found
 Contented with your chear, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Whose business is to die,
 Why sigh then, fie !
 Damn care, drink on ; be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I,
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're only doom'd to fall, my boys,
 We scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain ;
 The next campaign
 Sends you to him who made you, boys,
 Perhaps in pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cures all again.



F I N I S.

